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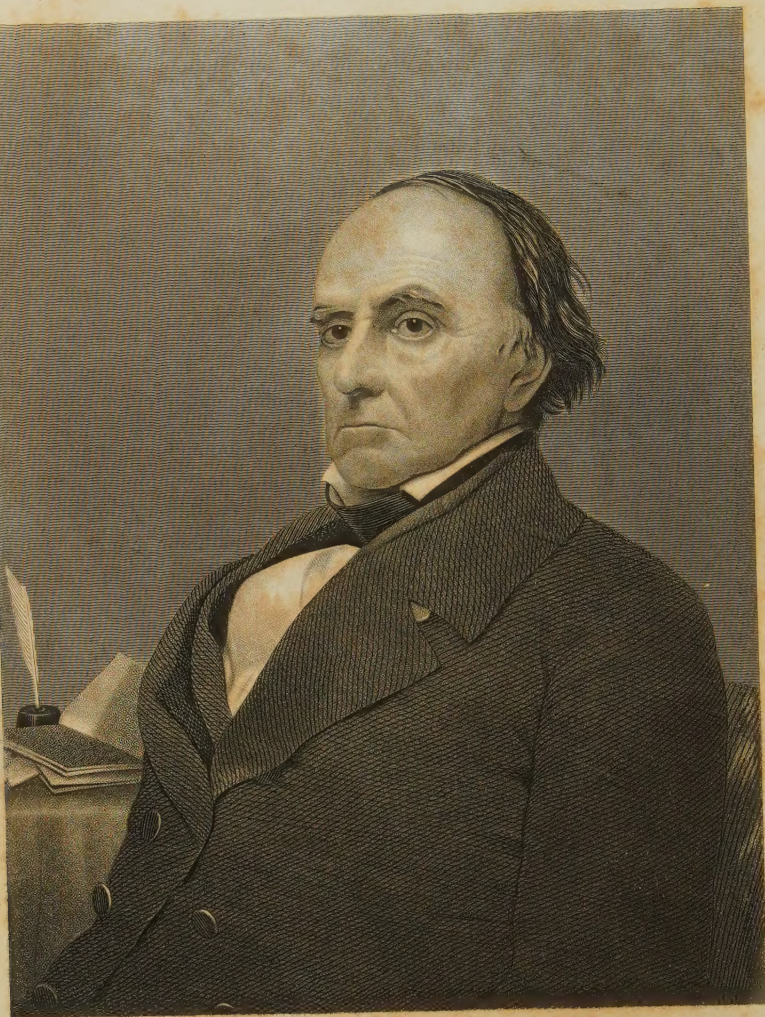
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David Webster

Engraved by W. H. Douglass.
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WASHINGTON D.C.

1853.

Printed by H. C. Bonner

OBITUARY ADDRESSES

ON THE

Occasion of the Death

OF THE

HON. DANIEL WEBSTER,

OF MASSACHUSETTS,

SECRETARY OF STATE FOR THE UNITED STATES:

DELIVERED IN THE

Senate and in the House of Representatives of the
United States,

FOURTEENTH AND FIFTEENTH DECEMBER, 1852.

WASHINGTON:

PRINTED BY ROBERT ARMSTRONG.

1853.



In the Senate of the United States,

DECEMBER 20, 1852.

On motion by Mr. GWIN,

Resolved, That the Committee on Printing cause to be published, and bound in pamphlet form, in such manner as may seem to them appropriate, for the use of the Senate, ten thousand copies of the addresses made by the Members of the Senate and Members of the House of Representatives, together with so much of the Message of the President of the United States, at the commencement of the Session, as relates to the Death of the Hon. DANIEL WEBSTER.

Attest,

ASBURY DICKINS,

Secretary.

Death of Daniel Webster.

“WITHIN a few weeks, the public mind has been deeply affected by the death of DANIEL WEBSTER, filling, at his decease, the office of Secretary of State. His associates in the Executive Government have sincerely sympathized with his family, and the public generally, on this mournful occasion. His commanding talents, his great political and professional eminence, his well-trying patriotism, and his long and faithful services in the most important public trusts, have caused his death to be lamented throughout the country, and have earned for him a lasting place in our history.”

[Extract from the President's Message.]

Obituary Addresses.

SENATE OF THE UNITED STATES,

TUESDAY, DECEMBER 14, 1852.

AFTER various topics of the Message of the President had been referred to the appropriate Committees, Mr. DAVIS rose, and addressed the Senate as follows :

MR. PRESIDENT :—I rise to bring to the notice of the Senate an event which has touched the sensibilities and awakened sympathies in all parts of the country—an event which has appropriately found a place in the message of the President, and ought not to be passed in silence by the Senate. Sir, we have, within a short space, mourned the death of a succession of men illustrious by their services, their talents, and worth. Not only have seats in this Chamber, in the other House, and upon the bench of the Court been vacated, but death has entered the Executive Mansion and claimed that beloved patriot who filled the Chair of State.

The portals of the tomb had scarcely closed upon the remains of a great and gifted member of this House, before they are again opened to receive another marked man of our day—one who stood out with a singular prominence before his countrymen, challenging, by his extraordinary intellectual power, the admiration of his fellow-men.

DANIEL WEBSTER, (a name familiar in the remotest cabin upon the frontier,) after mixing actively with the councils of his country for forty years, and having reached the limits of life assigned to mortals, has descended to the mansions of the dead, and the damp earth now rests upon his manly form.

That magic voice which was wont to fill this place with admiring listeners, is hushed in eternal silence. The multitude will no longer bend in breathless attention from the galleries to catch his words, and to watch the speaking eloquence of his countenance, animated by the fervor of his mind; nor will the Senate again be instructed by the outpourings of his profound intellect, matured by long experience, and enriched by copious streams from the fountains of knowledge. The thread of life is cut; the immortal is separated from the mortal; and the products of a great and cultivated mind are all that remain to us of the jurist and legislator.

Few men have attracted so large a share of public attention, or maintained for so long a period an equal degree of mental distinction. In this and the other House there were rivals for fame, and he grappled in debate with the master minds of the day, and achieved in such manly conflict the imperishable renown connected with his name.

Upon most of the questions which have been agitated in Congress during his period of service, his voice was heard. Few orators have equalled him in a masterly power of condensation, or in that clear logical arrangement of proofs and arguments which secures the attention of the hearer, and holds it with unabated interest.

These speeches have been preserved, and many of them will be read as forensic models, and will command admiration for their great display of intellectual power and extensive research. This is not a suitable occasion to discuss the merits of political productions, or to compare them with the effusions of great contemporaneous minds, or to speak of the principles advocated. All this belongs to the future, and history will assign each great name the measure of its enduring fame.

Mr. WEBSTER was conspicuous not only among the most illustrious men in the halls of legislation, but his fame shone with undiminished lustre in the

judicial tribunals as an advocate, where he participated in many of the most important discussions. On the bench were Marshall, Story, and their brethren—men of patient research and comprehensive scope of intellect—who have left behind them, in our judicial annals, proofs of greatness which will secure profound veneration and respect for their names. At the bar stood Pinckney, Wirt, Emmett, and many others who adorned and gave exalted character to the profession. Amid these luminaries of the bar he discussed many of the great questions raised in giving construction to organic law; and no one shone with more intense brightness, or brought into the conflict of mind more learning, higher proofs of severe mental discipline, or more copious illustration.

Among such men, and in such honorable combat, the foundations of that critical knowledge of constitutional law, which afterward became a prominent feature of his character, and entered largely into his opinions as a legislator, were laid.

The arguments made at this forum displayed a careful research into the history of the formation of the Federal Union, and an acute analysis of the fundamental provisions of the Constitution.

Probably no man has penetrated deeper into the principles, or taken a more comprehensive and complete view of the Union of the States, than that great

man, Chief Justice Marshall. No question was so subtle as to elude his grasp, or so complex as to defy his penetration. Even the great and the learned esteemed it no condescension to listen to the teachings of his voice; and no one profited more by his wisdom, or more venerated his character, than Mr. WEBSTER.

To stand among such men with marked distinction, as did Mr. WEBSTER, is an association which might satisfy any ambition, whatever might be its aspirations. But there, among those illustrious men, who have finished their labors and gone to their final homes, he made his mark strong and deep, which will be seen and traced by posterity.

But I need not dwell on that which is familiar to all readers who feel an interest in such topics; nor need I notice the details of his private life—since hundreds of pens have been employed in revealing all the facts, and in describing, in the most vivid manner, all the scenes which have been deemed attractive; nor need I reiterate the fervent language of eulogy which has been poured out in all quarters from the press, the pulpit, the bar, legislative bodies, and public assemblies—since his own productions constitute his best eulogy.

I could not, if I were to attempt it, add any thing to the strength or beauty of the manifold evidences which have been exhibited of the length, the

breadth, and height of his fame; nor is there any occasion for such proofs in the Senate—the place where his face was familiar, where many of his greatest efforts were made, and where his intellectual powers were appreciated. Here he was seen and heard, and nowhere else will his claim to great distinction be more cheerfully admitted.

But the places which have known him will know him no more! His form will never rise here again; his voice will not be heard, nor his expressive countenance seen. He is dead. In his last moments he was surrounded by his family and friends at his own home; and, while consoled by their presence, his spirit took its flight to other regions. All that remained has been committed to its kindred earth.

Divine Providence gives us illustrious men, but they, like others, when their mission is ended, yield to the inexorable law of our being. He who gives also takes away, but never forsakes his faithful children.

The places of those possessing uncommon gifts are vacated, the sod rests upon the once manly form, now as cold and lifeless as itself, and the living are filled with gloom and desolation. But the world rolls on; Nature loses none of its charms; the sun rises with undiminished splendor; the grass loses none of its freshness; nor do the flowers cease to fill the air with fragrance. Nature, un-

touched by human woe, proclaims the immutable law of Providence, that decay follows growth, and that He who takes away never fails to give.

Sir, I propose the following resolutions, believing that they will meet the cordial approbation of the Senate :

Resolved, That the Senate has received with profound sensibility the annunciation from the President of the death of the late Secretary of State, DANIEL WEBSTER, who was long a highly distinguished member of this body.

Resolved, That the Senate will manifest its respect for the memory of the deceased, and its sympathy with his bereaved family, by wearing the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That these proceedings be communicated to the House of Representatives.

MR. BUTLER.

MR. PRESIDENT :—This is an occasion full of interesting but melancholy associations, and one that especially appeals to my feelings and sense of justice—I might almost say historical justice—as a representative of South Carolina. Who, that were present, can ever forget the mournful and imposing occasion when DANIEL WEBSTER, whose eloquence and ability had given distinction to the greatest deliberative assembly and the most august tribunal of justice in this great confederacy; and when Henry Clay—a name associated with all that is daring in

action and splendid in eloquence—rose as witnesses before the tribunal of history, and gave their testimony as to the character and services of their illustrious compeer, John Caldwell Calhoun? They embalmed in historical immortality their rival, associate, and comrade.

I would that I could borrow from the spirit of my great countryman something of its justice and magnanimity, that I might make some requital for the distinguished tributes paid to his memory by his illustrious compeers. Such an occasion as the one I have referred to, is without parallel in the history of this Senate; and, sir, I fear that there is no future for such another one. Calhoun, Clay, and WEBSTER—like Pitt, Fox, and Burke—have made a picture on our history that will be looked upon as its culminating splendor. They were luminaries that, in many points of view, essentially differed from each other, as one star differeth from another; but they were all stars of the first magnitude. Distance cannot destroy, nor can time diminish the simple splendor of their light for the guidance and instruction of an admiring posterity.

Rivals they were on a great and eventful theatre of political life; but death has given them a common fame.

Eadem arena,
Communis virtus, atque perennis decus,
Victrix causa parem meritis et victa favorem
Vindicat, æternum vivere fama dedit.

Their contest in life was for the awards of public opinion—the great lever in modern times by which nations are to be moved.

“With more than mortal powers endow’d,
How high they soar’d above the crowd!
Theirs was no common party race,
Jostling by dark intrigue for place:
Like fabled gods, their mighty war
Shook realms and nations in its jar!”

Before I became a member of the Senate, of which I found Mr. WEBSTER a distinguished ornament, I had formed a very high estimate of his abilities—and from various sources of high authority. His mind, remarkable for its large capacity, was enriched with rare endowments—with the knowledge of a statesman, the learning of a jurist, and the attainments of a scholar. In this Chamber, with unsurpassed ability, Mr. WEBSTER has discussed the greatest subjects that have influenced, or can influence, the destinies of this great confederacy. Well may I apply to him the striking remark which he bestowed on Mr. Calhoun: “We saw before us a senator of Rome, when Rome survived.”

I have always regarded Mr. WEBSTER as a noble model of a parliamentary debater. His genial temper, the courtesy and dignity of his deportment, his profound knowledge of his subject, and his thorough

preparation, not only gave him a great command over his immediate audience, but gave his masterly speeches an impressive influence upon public opinion.

In the Supreme Court, Mr. WEBSTER was engaged in the greatest cases that were ever decided by that tribunal; and it is not saying too much to assert that his arguments formed the basis of some of the ablest judgments of that court. His exuberant but rectified imagination, and brilliant literary attainments, imparted to his eloquence beauty, simplicity, and majesty, and the finish of taste and elaboration. He seemed to prefer the more deliberative style of speaking; but, when roused and assailed, he became a formidable adversary in the war of debate, discharging from his full quiver the arrows of sarcasm and invective with telling effect.

Mr. WEBSTER was born in a forest, and, in his childhood and youth, lived amid the scenes of rural life; and it was no doubt under their inspiring influence that he imbibed that love of Nature which has given such a charm and touching pathos to some of his meditative productions. It always struck me that he had something of Burns's nature, but controlled by the discipline of a higher education. Lifted above the ordinary level of mankind by his genius and intelligence, Mr. WEBSTER looked upon a more extensive horizon than could be seen by those below him. He had too much information, from his large and varied intercourse with great

men, and his acquaintance with the opinions of all ages through the medium of books, to allow the spirit of bigotry to have a place in his mind. I have many reasons to conclude that he was not only tolerant of the opinions of others, but was even generous in his judgments toward them. I will conclude by saying that New England, especially, and the confederacy at large, have cause to be proud of the fame of such a man.

MR. CASS.

MR. PRESIDENT:—HOW ARE THE MIGHTY FALLEN! was the pathetic lamentation when the leaders of Israel were struck down in the midst of their services and of their renown. Well may we repeat that national wail, HOW ARE THE MIGHTY FALLEN! when the impressive dispensations of Providence have so recently carried mourning to the hearts of the American people, by summoning from life to death three of their eminent citizens, who, for almost half a century, had taken part—and prominently, too—in all the great questions, as well of peace as of war, which agitated and divided their country. Full, indeed, they were of days and of honors, for

“The hand of the reaper
Took the ears that were hoary,”

but never brighter in intellect, purer in patriotism, nor more powerful in influence, than when the grave

closed upon their labors, leaving their memory and their career at once an incentive and an example for their countrymen in that long course of trial—but I trust of freedom and prosperity, also—which is open before us. Often divided in life, but only by honest convictions of duty, followed in a spirit of generous emulation, and not of personal opposition, they are now united in death, and we may appropriately adopt, upon this striking occasion, the beautiful language addressed to the people of England by one of her most gifted sons, when they were called to mourn, as we are called now, a bereavement which spread sorrow—dismay almost—through the nation, and under circumstances of difficulty and of danger far greater than any we can now reasonably anticipate in the progress of our history:

“Seek not for those a separate doom,
Whom fate made brothers in the tomb;
But search the land of living men:
Where shall we find their like again?”

And to-day, in the consideration of the message of the Chief Magistrate, it becomes us to respond to his annunciation—commending itself, as it does, to the universal sentiment of the country—of the death of the last of these lamented statesmen, as a national misfortune. This mark of respect and regret was due alike to the memory of the dead and to the feel-

ings of the living. And I have listened with deep emotion to the eloquent testimonials to the mental power, and worth, and services of the departed patriot, which to-day have been heard in this high place, and will be heard to-morrow, and commended, too, by the American people. The voice of party is hushed in the presence of such a national calamity, and the grave closes upon the asperity of political contests when it closes upon those who have taken part in them. And well may we, who have so often witnessed his labors and his triumphs—well may we, here, upon this theatre of his services and his renown, recalling the efforts of his mighty understanding, and the admiration which always followed its exertion—well may we come with our tribute of acknowledgment to his high and diversified powers, and to the influence he exercised upon his auditory, and, in fact, upon his country. He was, indeed, one of those remarkable men who stand prominently forward upon the canvas of history, impressing their characteristics upon the age in which they live, and almost making it their own by the force of their genius and by the splendor of their fame. The time which elapsed between the middle of the eighteenth century and our own day was prolific of great events and of distinguished men, who guided or were guided by them, far beyond any other equal period in the history of human society. But, in my opinion, even this favored epoch has produced no

man possessing a more massive and gigantic intellect, or who exhibited more profound powers of investigation in the great department of political science to which he devoted himself, in all its various ramifications, than DANIEL WEBSTER.

The structure of his mind seemed peculiarly adapted to the work he was called upon to do, and he did it as no other man of his country—of his age, indeed—could have done it. And his name and his fame are indissolubly connected with some of the most difficult and important questions which our peculiar institutions have called into discussion. It was my good fortune to hear him upon one of the most memorable of these occasions, when, in this very hall, filled to overflowing with an audience whose rapt attention indicated his power and their expectations, he entered into an analysis of the Constitution, and of the great principles of our political organization, with a vigor of argument, a force of illustration, and a felicity of diction, which have rendered this effort of his mind one of the proudest monuments of American genius, and one of the noblest expositions which the operations of our government have called forth. I speak of its general effect, without concurring in all the views he presented, though the points of difference neither impair my estimate of the speaker nor of the power he displayed in this elaborate debate.

The judgment of his contemporaries upon the cha-

acter of his eloquence will be confirmed by the future historian. He grasped the questions involved in the subject before him with a rare union of force and discrimination, and he presented them in an order of arrangement, marked at once with great perspicuity and with logical acuteness, so that, when he arrived at his conclusion, he seemed to reach it by a process of established propositions, interwoven with the hand of a master; and topics, barren of attraction, from their nature, were rendered interesting by illustrations and allusions, drawn from a vast storehouse of knowledge, and applied with a chastened taste, formed upon the best models of ancient and of modern learning; and to these eminent qualifications was added an uninterrupted flow of rich and often racy old-fashioned English, worthy of the earlier masters of the language, whom he studied and admired.

As a statesman and politician his power was felt and acknowledged through the republic, and all bore willing testimony to his enlarged views, and to his ardent patriotism. And he acquired a European reputation by the state-papers he prepared upon various questions of our foreign policy; and one of these—his refutation and exposure of an absurd and arrogant pretension of Austria—is distinguished by lofty and generous sentiments, becoming the age in which he lived, and the great people in whose name he spoke, and is stamped with a vigor and research

not less honorable in the exhibition than conclusive in the application; and it will ever take rank in the history of diplomatic intercourse among the richest contributions to the commentaries upon the public law of the world. And in internal as in external troubles he was true, and tried, and faithful; and in the latest, may it be the last, as it was the most perilous, crisis of our country, rejecting all sectional considerations, and exposing himself to sectional denunciation, he stood up boldly, proudly, indeed, and with consummate ability, for the constitutional rights of another portion of the Union, fiercely assailed by a spirit of aggression, as incompatible with our mutual obligations as with the duration of the confederation itself. In that dark and doubtful hour, his voice was heard above the storm, recalling his countrymen to a sense of their dangers and their duties, and tempering the lessons of reproof with the experience of age and the dictates of patriotism.

He who heard his memorable appeal to the public reason and conscience, made in this crowded Chamber, with all eyes fixed upon the speaker, and almost all hearts swayed by his words of wisdom and of power, will sedulously guard its recollections as one of those precious incidents which, while they constitute the poetry of history, exert a permanent and decisive influence upon the destiny of nations.

And our deceased colleague added the kindlier

affections of the heart to the lofty endowments of the mind; and I recall, with almost painful sensibility, the associations of our boyhood, when we were school-fellows together, with all the troubles and the pleasures which belong to that relation of life, in its narrow world of preparation. He rendered himself dear by his disposition and deportment, and exhibited some of those peculiar characteristic features, which, later in life, made him the ornament of the social circle; and, when study and knowledge of the world had ripened his faculties, endowed him with powers of conversation I have not found surpassed in my intercourse with society, at home or abroad. His conduct and bearing at that early period have left an enduring impression upon my memory of mental traits, which his subsequent course in life developed and confirmed. And the commanding position and ascendancy of the man were foreshadowed by the standing and influence of the boy among the comrades who surrounded him. Fifty-five years ago we parted—he to prepare for his splendid career in the good old land of our ancestors, and I to encounter the rough toils and trials of life in the great forest of the West. But, ere long, the report of his words and his deeds penetrated those recesses, where human industry was painfully, but successfully, contending with the obstacles of Nature, and I found that my early companion was assuming a position which confirmed my previous

anticipations, and which could only be attained by the rare faculties with which he was gifted. Since then he has gone on irradiating his path with the splendor of his exertions, till the whole hemisphere was bright with his glory, and never brighter than when he went down in the West, without a cloud to obscure his lustre, calm, clear, and glorious. Fortunate in life he was not less fortunate in death, for he died with his fame undiminished, his faculties unbroken, and his usefulness unimpaired; surrounded by weeping friends, and regarded with anxious solicitude by a grateful country, to whom the messenger that mocks at time and space told, from hour to hour, the progress of his disorder, and the approach of his fate. And beyond all this, he died in the faith of a Christian, humble, but hopeful, adding another to the roll of eminent men who have searched the Gospel of Jesus, and have found it the word and the will of God, given to direct us while here, and to sustain us in that hour of trial, when the things of this world are passing away, and the dark valley of the shadow of death is opening before us.

HOW ARE THE MIGHTY FALLEN! we may yet exclaim, when reft of our greatest and wisest; but they fall to rise again from death to life, when such quickening faith in the mercy of God and in the sacrifice of the Redeemer comes to shed upon them its happy influence, on this side of the grave and beyond it.

MR. SEWARD.

When, in passing through Savoy, I reached the eminence where the traveller is promised his first distinct view of Mont Blanc, I asked, "Where is the mountain?" "There," said the guide, pointing to the rainy sky which stretched out before me. It is even so when we approach and attempt to scan accurately a great character. Clouds gather upon it, and seem to take it up out of our sight.

DANIEL WEBSTER was a man of warm and earnest affections in all the domestic and social relations. Purely incidental and natural allusions in his conversations, letters, and speeches, have made us familiar with the very pathways about his early mountain home; with his mother, graceful, intellectual, fond, and pious; with his father, assiduous, patriotic, and religious, changing his pursuits, as duty in revolutionary times commanded, from the farm to the camp, and from the camp to the provincial legislature and the constituent assembly. It seems as if we could recognise the very form and features of the most constant and generous of brothers. Nor are we strangers at Marshfield. We are guests hospitably admitted, and then left to wander at our ease under the evergreens on the lawn, over the grassy fields, through the dark, native forest, and along the resounding sea-shore. We know, almost as well as we know our own, the children reared

there, and fondly loved, and therefore, perhaps, early lost; the servants bought from bondage, and held by the stronger chains of gratitude; the careful steward, always active, yet never hurried; the reverent neighbor, always welcome, yet never obtrusive; and the ancient fisherman, whose little fleet is ever ready for the sports of the sea; and we meet on every side the watchful and devoted friends whom no frequency of disappointment can discourage, and whom even the death of their great patron cannot all at once disengage from efforts which know no balancing of probabilities nor reckoning of cost to secure his elevation to the first honors of the republic.

Who that was even confessedly provincial was ever so identified with any thing local as DANIEL WEBSTER was with the spindles of Lowell, and the quarries of Quincy; with Faneuil Hall, Bunker Hill, Forefathers' Day, Plymouth Rock, and whatever also belonged to Massachusetts? And yet, who that was most truly national has ever so sublimely celebrated, or so touchingly commended to our reverent affection our broad and ever-broadening continental home; its endless rivers, majestic mountains, and capacious lakes; its inimitable and indescribable constitution; its cherished and growing capital; its aptly conceived and expressive flag, and its triumphs by land and sea; and its immortal

founders, heroes, and martyrs! How manifest it was, too, that, unlike those who are impatient of slow but sure progress, he loved his country, not for something greater or higher than he desired or hoped she might be, but just for what she was, and as she was already, regardless of future change.

No, sir; believe me, they err widely who say that DANIEL WEBSTER was cold and passionless. It is true that he had little enthusiasm; but he was, nevertheless, earnest and sincere, as well as calm; and, therefore, he was both discriminating and comprehensive in his affections. We recognise his likeness in the portrait drawn by a Roman pencil :

“who with nice discernment knows
 What to his country and his friends he owes;
 How various Nature warms the human breast,
 To love the parent, brother, friend, or guest,
 What the great offices of judges are,
 Of senators, of generals sent to war.”

DANIEL WEBSTER was cheerful, and on becoming occasions joyous, and even mirthful; but he was habitually engaged in profound studies on great affairs. He was, moreover, constitutionally fearful of the dangers of popular passion and prejudice; and so, in public walk, conversation, and debate, he was grave and serious, even to solemnity; yet he never desponded in the darkest hours of personal or

political trial; and melancholy never, in health nor even in sickness, spread a pall over his spirits.

It must have been very early that he acquired that just estimate of his own powers which was the basis of a self-reliance which all the world saw and approved, and which, while it betrayed no feature of vanity, none but a superficial observer could have mistaken for pride or arrogance.

DANIEL WEBSTER was no sophist. With a talent for didactic instruction which might have excused dogmatism, he never lectured on the questions of morals that are agitated in the schools. But he seemed, nevertheless, to have acquired a philosophy of his own, and to have made it the rule and guide of his life. That philosophy consisted in improving his powers and his tastes, so that he might appreciate whatever was good and beautiful in nature and art, and attain to whatever was excellent in conduct. He had accurate perceptions of the qualities and relations of things. He overvalued nothing that was common, and undervalued nothing that was useful, or even ornamental. His lands, his cattle, and equipage, his dwelling, library, and apparel, his letters, arguments, and orations—every thing that he had, every thing that he made, and every thing that he did—was, as far as possible, fit, complete, perfect. He thought decorous forms necessary for preserving whatever was substantial

or valuable in politics and morals, and even in religion. In his regard, order was the first law, and peace the chief blessing of earth, as they are of Heaven. Therefore, while he desired justice and loved liberty, he revered law as the first divinity of states and of society.

DANIEL WEBSTER was, indeed, ambitious; but his ambition was generally subordinate to conventional forms, and always to the Constitution. He aspired to place and preferment, but not for the mere exercise of political power, and still less for pleasurable indulgences; and only for occasions to save or serve his country, and for the fame which such noble actions might bring. Who will censure such ambition? Who had greater genius subjected to severer discipline? What other motives than those of ambition could have brought that genius into activity under that discipline, and sustained that activity so equally under ever-changing circumstances so long? His ambition never fell off into presumption. He was, on the contrary, content with performing all practical duties, even in common affairs, in the best possible manner; and he never chafed under petty restraints from those above, nor malicious annoyances from those around him. If ever any man had intellectual superiority which could have excused a want of deference due to human authority, or skepticism concerning that

which was divine, he was such a one. Yet he was, nevertheless, unassuming and courteous, here and elsewhere, in the public councils; and there was, I think, never a time in his life when he was not an unquestioning believer in that religion which offers to the meek the inheritance of the heavenly kingdom.

DANIEL WEBSTER'S mind was not subtle, but it was clear. It was surpassingly logical in the exercise of induction, and equally vigorous and energetic in all its movements; and yet he possessed an imagination so strong that if it had been combined with even a moderated enthusiasm of temper, would have overturned the excellent balance of his powers.

The civilian rises in this, as in other republics, by the practice of eloquence; and so DANIEL WEBSTER became an orator—the first of orators.

Whatever else concerning him has been controverted by anybody, the fifty thousand lawyers of the United States, interested to deny his pretensions, conceded to him an unapproachable supremacy at the bar. How did he win that high place? Where others studied laboriously, he meditated intensely. Where others appealed to the prejudices and passions of courts and juries, he addressed only their understandings. Where others lost themselves among the streams, he ascended to the foun-

tain. While they sought the rules of law among conflicting precedents, he found them in the eternal principles of reason and justice.

But it is conceding too much to the legal profession to call DANIEL WEBSTER a lawyer. Lawyers speak for clients and their interests—he seemed always to be speaking for his country and for truth. So he rose imperceptibly above his profession; and while yet in the Forum, he stood before the world a Publicist. In this felicity, he resembled, while he surpassed, Erskine, who taught the courts at Westminster the law of moral responsibility; and he approached Hamilton, who educated the courts at Washington in the Constitution of their country and the philosophy of government.

An undistinguishable line divides this high province of the Forum from the Senate, to which his philosophy and eloquence were perfectly adapted. Here, in times of stormy agitation and bewildering excitement, when as yet the Union of these States seemed not to have been cemented and consolidated, and its dissolution seemed to hang, if not on the immediate result of the debate, at least upon the popular passion that that result must generate, DANIEL WEBSTER put forth his mightiest efforts—confessedly the greatest ever put forth here or on this continent. Those efforts produced marked

effect on the Senate; they soothed the public mind, and became enduring lessons of instruction to our countrymen on the science of constitutional law, and the relative powers and responsibilities of the government, and the rights and duties of the States and of citizens.

Tried by ancient definitions, DANIEL WEBSTER was not an orator. He studied no art and practised no action. Nor did he form himself by any admitted model. He had neither the directness and vehemence of Demosthenes, nor the fulness nor flow of Cicero, nor the intenseness of Milton, nor the magnificence of Burke. It was happy for him that he had not. The temper and tastes of his age and country required eloquence different from all these, and they found it in the pure logic and the vigorous yet massive rhetoric which constituted the style of DANIEL WEBSTER.

DANIEL WEBSTER, although a statesman, did not aim to be either a popular or a parliamentary leader. He left common affairs and questions to others, and reserved himself for those great and infrequent occasions which seemed to involve the prosperity or the continuance of the republic. On these occasions he rose above partisan influences and alliances, and gave his counsels earnestly, and with impassioned solemnity, and always with an

unaffected reliance upon the intelligence and virtue of his countrymen.

The first revolutionary assembly that convened in Boston promulgated the principle of the revolution of 1688—"Resistance to unjust laws is obedience to God;" and it became the watchword throughout the colonies. Under that motto the colonies dismembered the British Empire, and erected the American Republic. At an early day, it seemed to DANIEL WEBSTER that the habitual cherishing of that principle, after its great work had been consummated, threatened to subvert, in its turn, the free and beneficent Constitution, which afforded the highest attainable security against the passage of unjust laws. He addressed himself therefore assiduously, and almost alone, to what seemed to him the duty of calling the American people back from revolutionary theories to the formation of habits of peace, order, and submission to authority. He inculcated the duty of submission by States and citizens to all laws passed within the province of constitutional authority, and of absolute reliance on constitutional remedies for the correction of all errors and the redress of all injustice. This was the political gospel of DANIEL WEBSTER. He preached it in season and out of season, boldly, constantly, with the zeal of an apostle, and with the devotion, if there were need, of a martyr. It

was full of saving influences while he lived, and those influences will last so long as the Constitution and the Union shall endure.

I do not dwell on DANIEL WEBSTER'S exercise of administrative functions. It was marked by the same ability that distinguished all his achievements in other fields of duty. It was at the same time eminently conservative of peace, and of the great principles of constitutional liberty, on which the republican institutions of his country were founded. But while those administrative services benefited his country, and increased his fame, we all felt, nevertheless, that his proper and highest place was here, where there was field and scope for his philosophy and his eloquence—here, among the equal representatives of equal States, which were at once to be held together, and to be moved on in the establishment of a continental power controlling all the American States, and balancing those of the Eastern world; and we could not but exclaim, in the words of the Roman orator, when we saw him leave the legislative councils to enter on the office of administration—

Quantis in angustiis, vestra gloria se dilitari velit.

MR. STOCKTON.

MR. PRESIDENT:—I was prevented from coming to Washington until this morning. After travelling

all night, I hastened here to take my seat, wholly unapprized of the intention of the senator from Massachusetts to introduce the resolutions now before the Senate.

It would, therefore, not become me, nor the solemnity of the occasion, to mingle, unprepared as I needs must be, my voice in the eloquent lamentation which does honor to the Senate, for any other purpose than merely briefly to express my grief—my sorrow—my heartfelt, unaffected sorrow—for the death of DANIEL WEBSTER.

Senators, I have known and loved DANIEL WEBSTER for thirty years. What wonder, then, I sorrow? But now that I am on my feet for that purpose—and the Senate, who knew and loved him too, are my listeners—how am I to express that sorrow? I cannot do it. It cannot be done. Oh! sir, all words, in moments such as these, when love or grief seek utterance, are vain and frigid.

Senators, I can even now hardly realize the event—that DANIEL WEBSTER is DEAD—that he does not “*still live*.”

I did hope that God—who has watched over this republic—who can do all things—“who hung the Earth on nothing”—who so endowed the mind of DANIEL WEBSTER—would still longer have upheld its frail tenement, and kept him as an example to our own men, and to the men of the whole world.

Indeed, it is no figure of speech, when we say that *his* fame was "world-wide."

But, senators, I have risen to pronounce no eulogy on *him*.^{*} I am up for no such vain purpose. I come with no ceremony. I come to the portals of his grave, stricken with sadness—before the assembled Senate—in the presence of friends and senators—(for whether they be of this side of the Chamber or the other side of the Chamber, I hope I am entitled to call every senator my friend)—to mingle my grief with the grief of those around me. But I cherish no hope of adding one gravel-stone to the colossal column he has erected for himself. I would only place a garland of friendship on the bier of one of the greatest and best men I ever knew.

Senators, you have known Mr. WEBSTER in his public character—as a statesman of almost intuitive perceptions—as a lawyer of unsurpassed learning and ability—as a ripe and general scholar. But it was my happiness to know him, also, as a man in the seclusion of private life; and in the performance of sacred domestic duties, and of those of reciprocal friendship, I say, in this presence, and as far as my voice may reach, that he was remarkable for all those attributes which constitute a generous, magnanimous, courageous, hospitable, and high-minded man. Sir, as far as my researches into the history of the world have gone, they have failed to discover his superior. Not even on the records of ancient

Greece, or Rome, or of any other nation, are to be found the traces of a man of superior endowments to our own WEBSTER.

Mr. President, in private life he was a man of pure and noble sentiments, and eminently kind, social, and agreeable. He was generous to a fault. Sir, one act of his, one speech of his, made in this Chamber—placed him before all men of antiquity. He offered himself—yes, you all remember, in that seat *there*, he rose and offered himself a living sacrifice for his country. And Lord Bacon has said, that he who offers himself as a sacrifice for his country, is a sight for angels to look upon.

Mr. President, my feelings on this occasion will not surprise senators, who remember that these are no new sentiments for me—that when he was living, I had the temerity to say that DANIEL WEBSTER was the greatest among men, and a true patriot—ay, sir! when the expression of such opinions might have interfered with political aspirations imputed to me. Well, sir, if an empire had then been hanging on my words, I would not have amended or altered one sentiment.

Having said thus much for the dead, allow me to express a word of thanks to the honorable senator from Michigan, (Mr. Cass.) Sir, I have often had occasion to feel sentiments of regard, and, if he will permit me to say it, of affectionate regard for him, and sometimes to express them; but the emotions

created in my heart by his address this morning are not easily expressed. I thank him—in the fulness of my heart I thank him; and may God spare him to our country many years. May he long remain here, in our midst, as he is at this day, in all the strength of manhood, and in all the glory of matured wisdom.

HOUSE OF REPRESENTATIVES,

WEDNESDAY, DECEMBER 15, 1852.

THE Journal having been read,

A message was received from the Senate by the hands of ASBURY DICKINS, Esq., its Secretary, which, upon request of Mr. DAVIS, of Massachusetts, was read, as follows :

Resolved, That the Senate has received with profound sensibility the annunciation from the President of the death of the late Secretary of State, DANIEL WEBSTER, who was long a highly distinguished member of this body.

Resolved, That the Senate will manifest its respect for the memory of the deceased, and its sympathy with his bereaved family, by wearing the usual badge of mourning for thirty days.

Resolved, That these proceedings be communicated to the House of Representatives.

MR. DAVIS.

MR. SPEAKER :—I rise for the purpose of proposing some action of this House in response to that which, we learn, has taken place in the Senate in reference to the death of Mr. WEBSTER ; and I have little to add to the proposition itself beyond a brief expression of reverence and of affectionate recollec-

tion. At this seat of government, where thirty years of Mr. WEBSTER'S life were spent—in this Capitol, still populous with the echoes of his voice—to this House, of which there is not an individual member but can trace something of his intellectual wealth, or political faith, to the fountain of that mighty intellect—it would be useless, and worse, to pass in review the various acts of spoken and written thought by which he impressed himself ineffaceably upon his time. Master of the great original ideas of which our social institutions are but the coarse material expression; master of a style which clothed each glorious thought in a garb of appropriate beauty; possessed of a conquering nature, that, “like the west wind, brought the sunshine with it,” and gave us, wherever he was, the sense of security and power, he has run his appointed race, and has left us to feel that our day of life will henceforth be more wintry now that that light has been withdrawn.

“But he was ours. And may that word of pride
Drown, with its lofty tone, pain's bitter cry!”

I have no intention of undertaking here to measure his labors or interpret his ideas; but I feel tempted to say that his great field of action—the greatest which any statesman can have—was in undertaking to apply general principles to an artificial and complicated system; to reconcile liberty

with law; to work out the advance of liberty and civilization through and under the rules of law and government; to solve that greatest problem of human government, how much of the ideal may safely be let into the practical.

He sought these objects, and he sought the political power which would enable him to carry out these objects, and he threw into the struggle the great passions of a great nature—the *quidquid vult, valde vult* of the elder Brutus. He sought, and not unsuccessfully, to throw around the cold impersonal idea of a constitution the halo of love and reverence which in the Old World gathers round the dynasties of a thousand years; for, in the attachment thus created, he thought he saw the means of safety and permanence for his country. His large experience and broad forecast gave him notice of national dangers which all did not see, as the wires of the electric telegraph convey news of startling import, unknown to the slumbering villages through which they pass. Whether his fears were well or ill-founded, the future, the best guardian of his fame, will show; but, whether well or ill-founded, matters nothing now to him. He has passed through the last and sternest trial, which he has himself in anticipation described in words never to be forgotten:

“One may live (said he) as a conqueror, a hero, or a magistrate, but he must die as a man. The

bed of death brings every human being to his pure individuality; to the intense contemplation of that, the deepest and most solemn of all relations—the relation between the creature and his Creator. Here it is that fame and renown cannot assist us; that all external things must fail to aid us; that friends, affection, and human love and devotedness cannot succor us. This relation, the true foundation of all duty—a relation perceived and felt by conscience and confirmed by revelation—our illustrious friend, now deceased, always acknowledged. He revered the Scripture of truth, honored the pure morality which they teach, and clung to the hopes of future life which they impart.”

Mr. WEBSTER died in accordance with the prevailing sentiment of his life, in the spirit of prayer to God, and of love to man. Well might the nation that watched his dying bed say, in the words which the greatest English poet applies to a legendary hero who also had been the stay of his country in peril :

NOTHING IS HERE FOR TEARS, NOTHING TO WAIL
OR KNOCK THE BREAST; NO WEAKNESS, NO CONTEMPT,
DISPRAISE OR BLAME: NOTHING BUT WELL AND FAIR,
AND WHAT MAY COMFORT US IN A DEATH SO NOBLE.

Mr. Speaker, I move the following resolves :

Resolved, That this House concurs with the Senate in its expression of grief for the death of DANIEL WEBSTER, of respect for his memory, and of estimation of the services which he rendered to his country.

Resolved, That the members of this House will wear crape on the left arm for the space of thirty days.

Resolved, That the Speaker be requested to make these resolves known to the surviving relatives of the deceased.

Resolved, That this House do now adjourn.

MR. APPLETON, of Maine.

MR. SPEAKER:—I do not know that I ought to add any thing to what has already been said upon the resolutions before us; yet, since the death of Mr. WEBSTER was a national calamity, it is fit that all classes and all parties in the community should unite to testify their full appreciation of it. The people themselves have admonished us of this, as they have gathered recently with mournful reverence around his tomb; and we should be unworthy of them, if, here in the Capitol, where he won so much of his fame, we did not add our tribute to his memory. It is a GREAT MEMORY, sir, and will go down to posterity, as one of the country's heir-looms, through I know not how many successive generations. We are not here, Mr. Speaker, to build his monument. He builded that for himself before he died; and had he failed to do so, none among us could supply the deficiency. We are here, rather, to recognise his labors, and to inscribe the marble with his name.

That we have not all sympathized with him in

his political doctrines, or been ready to sanction every transaction of his public life, need not, and, I am sure, does not, abate any thing from our respect for his services, or our regret for his loss. His character and his works—what he was and what he did—constitute a legacy which no sound-hearted American can contemplate without emotions of gratitude and pride. There is *enough* of DANIEL WEBSTER, sir, to furnish a common ground upon which *all* his countrymen can mingle their hearty tributes to his memory.

He was a man to be remarked anywhere. Among a *barbarous* people he would have excited reverence by his very look and mien. No one could stand before him without knowing that he stood in a majestic presence, and admiring those lineaments of greatness with which his Creator had enstamped, in a manner not to be mistaken, his outward form. If there ever was such an instance on earth, his was the appearance described by the great dramatist:—

The combination and the form indeed,
Where every god did seem to set his seal,
To give the world assurance of a man.

No one could listen to him in his happier moments, without feeling his spirit stirred within

him by those deep, cathedral tones which were the fit vehicles of his grave and earnest thoughts.

No one can read his writings without being struck by the wonderful manner in which they unite a severe simplicity of style with great warmth of fancy, and great affluence of diction.

We, Mr. Speaker, remember his look and his spoken words; but by those who are to come after us he will be chiefly known through that written eloquence which is gathered in our public records, and enshrined among the pages of his published works. By these, at least, he *still lives*, and by these, in my judgment, he will continue to live, after these pillars shall have fallen, and this Capitol shall have crumbled into ruin. Demosthenes has survived the Parthenon, and Tully still pleads before the world the cause of Roman culture and Roman oratory; but there is nothing, it seems to me, either in Tully or in Demosthenes, which, for conception, or language, or elevation of sentiment, can exceed some passages in the writings which remain of DANIEL WEBSTER. His fame, indeed, is secure, for it is guarded by his own works; and as he himself said of Mr. Calhoun, "he has lived long enough—he has done enough, and he has done it so well, so successfully, so honorably, as to connect himself for all time with the records of his country."

In no respect, Mr. Speaker, is this an occasion of lamentation for *him*. Death was not meant to be regarded as an evil, or else it would not come alike to all; and about Mr. WEBSTER'S death there were many circumstances of felicity and good fortune. He died in the maturity of his intellect; after long public service, and after having achieved a great name for himself, and a great memory for his country. He died at home; his last wants supplied by the hands of affection; his last hours cheered by the consolations of friendship; amidst those peaceful scenes which he had himself assisted to make beautiful, and within hearing of that ocean-anthem to which he always listened with emotions of gratitude and joy. He died, too, conscious of the wonderful growth and prosperity and glory of his native land. His eloquent prayer had been answered—the prayer which he breathed forth to Providence at the greatest era of his life, when he stood side by side with Andrew Jackson, and they both contended for what was, in their belief, the cause of the Constitution and the Union.

I pause, Mr. Speaker, at the combination of those two names. Andrew Jackson and Daniel Webster! Daniel Webster and Andrew Jackson! With the clear intellect and glorious oratory of the one, added to the intuitive sagacity and fate-like will of the other, I will not ask what *wrong* is there which

they could not successfully crush, but what *right* is there, rather, which could withstand their united power.

“When my eyes,” he said on that great occasion, “are turned to behold for the last time the sun in heaven, may I not see him shining on the broken and dishonoured fragments of a once glorious Union; on States dissevered, discordant, belligerent; on a land rent with civil feuds, or drenched, it may be, with fraternal blood. Let their last feeble and lingering glance rather behold the gorgeous ensign of the republic, now known and honored throughout the earth, still full high advanced, its arms and trophies streaming in their original lustre, not a stripe erased or polluted, nor a single star obscured, bearing for its motto no such miserable interrogatory as ‘What is all this worth?’—nor those other words of delusion and folly, ‘Liberty first and union afterward;’ but everywhere, spread all over in characters of living light, blazing on all its ample folds, as they float over the sea and over the land, and in every wind under the whole heavens, that other sentiment, dear to every American heart, ‘Liberty *and* union, now and for ever, one and inseparable.’”

Sir, Mr. WEBSTER outlived the crisis of 1830, and saw his country emerge in safety, also, from that later tempest of sectional disturbance, whose waters are even yet heaving with the swell of subdued, but

not exhausted passion. He left this nation great, prosperous, and happy ; and more than that, he left the Constitution and the Union in vigorous existence, under whose genial influences all that glory, and prosperity, and happiness, he knew, had been achieved. To preserve *them*, he had risked what few men *have* to risk—his reputation, his good name, his cherished friendships ; and if there be any who doubt the wisdom of his 7th of March speech, let them consider the value of these treasures, and they will at least give him credit for patriotism and sincerity. But I am unwilling, Mr. Speaker, to dwell upon this portion of his career. The fires of that crisis have subsided ; but their ashes are yet warm with recent strife. What Mr. WEBSTER did, and the other great men with whom he labored, to extinguish those fires, has gone into the keeping of history, and *they* have found their best reward in the continued safety of the republic.

Our anxiety need not be for *them*. When the mariner is out upon the ocean, and sees, one by one, the lights of heaven go out before the rising storm, he does not ask what has become of those lights, or whether they shall renew their lustre ; but his inquiry is, what is to become of *me*, and how am I to guide my bark in safety, after these natural pilots of the sky have disappeared. Yet even then, by consulting those calculatious and directions, which

wise and skilful men had prepared, when the light did shine, and there was no tempest raging upon the sea, he is enabled, it may be, to grope his way in safety to his desired port. And this, sir, is our consolation upon occasions like the present one. Jackson, and Calhoun, and Clay, and Wright, and Polk, and Woodbury, and WEBSTER, are indeed no more; and if all that they thought, and said, and did—their wise conceptions, and their heroic deeds, and their bright examples—were buried *with* them, how terribly deepened would now be our sense of the nation's loss, and how much less hopeful the prospects of republican liberty. But it is not so. "A superior and commanding human intellect," (Mr. WEBSTER has himself told us,) "a truly great man, when Heaven vouchsafes so rare a gift, is not a temporary flame, burning brightly for a while, and then giving place to returning darkness. It is rather a spark of fervent heat, as well as radiant light, with power to enkindle the common mass of human mind; so that when it glimmers in its own decay, and finally goes out in death, no night follows, but it leaves the world all light, all on fire, from the potent contact of its own spirit." No, sir, our great men do *not* wholly die. All that they achieved worthy of remembrance survives them. They live in their recorded actions; they live in their bright examples; they live in the respect and gratitude

of mankind; and they live in that peculiar influence, by which one single commanding thought, as it runs along the electric chain of human affairs, sets in motion still other thoughts and influences, in endless progression; and thus makes its author an active and powerful agent in the events of life, long after his mortal portion shall have crumbled in the tomb.

Let us thank God for this immortality of worth, and rejoice in every example which is given to us of what our nature is capable of accomplishing. Let it teach us not despair, but courage, and lead us to follow in its light, at however great a distance, and with however unequal steps. This is the lesson of wisdom, as well as of poetry.

Lives of great men all remind us
 We can make our lives sublime;
 And departing, leave behind us
 Footprints on the sands of Time.

Footprints, that perhaps another,
 Sailing o'er life's solemn main,
 A forlorn and shipwreck'd brother,
 Seeing, may take heart again.

When God shall send his Angel to *us*, Mr. Speaker, bearing the scroll of death, may we be able to bow our heads to his mission with as

much of gentleness and resignation as marked the last hours of DANIEL WEBSTER.

MR. PRESTON.

MR. SPEAKER:—I have been requested, by some of the gentlemen who compose the delegation from my State, to make some remarks upon the subject of the message and resolutions received from the Senate, which have been laid upon your table this morning, in relation to the death of Mr. WEBSTER. It was, in their opinion, peculiarly appropriate that Kentucky—a State so long associated with Massachusetts in political sympathy, as well as in reciprocal admiration entertained for two of the most eminent men of their day—should come forward and add her testimonial of the esteem in which she held his life and great public services, and the regret she experienced at the calamity which has befallen the country. The mind naturally goes back, in looking over the great career of DANIEL WEBSTER, to the period of his birth—seventy years ago. In the northern part of the State of New Hampshire, beneath the roof of his pioneer father, the future statesman first drew the breath of life, and imbibed, amid its picturesque scenery and wild mountains, that freedom of thought, that dignity, and that intellectual health which left so indelible a mark upon his oratory and public career in after-life. No man

has earned a greater reputation, in the present time, in forensic endeavor, than Mr. WEBSTER, nor any whose reputation could challenge comparison, unless it be one who was also born in a similar obscure station of life, amid the marshes of Hanover, and whose future led him to cross the summit of the Appalachian range with the great tide of population which poured from Virginia upon the fertile plains of Kentucky. Their destiny has been useful, great, and brilliant. From that period to this, these celebrated contemporaries have been conspicuous in the career of public utility to which they devoted their lives, and by their intellectual superiority and dignified statesmanship have commanded not only the respect of their several States, but of the nation and of mankind. For forty years they swayed the councils of their country, and the same year sees them consigned to the grave. The statesman of Ashland died in this city, before the foliage of summer was sere, and was sent, with the honors of his country, back to the resting-place which he now occupies in the home of his early adoption. The winds of autumn have swept the stern New England shores—the shores of Plymouth, where the Pilgrim Fathers landed—and caught up the expiring breath of DANIEL WEBSTER as he terminated his life of honorable service. The dirge that the night winds now utter through the primeval forests of Ashland lament for one; the surges of the wintry ocean, as

they beat upon the shores of Marshfield, are a fitting requiem to the other.

There are two points of particular prominence in the life of WEBSTER to which I will allude. All remember the celebrated struggle of 1830. The greatest minds of the country, seeing the constitutional questions involved from different points of view, were embroiled in controversy. The darkest apprehensions were entertained. A gallant and gifted senator from South Carolina, (General Hayne,) with a genius and fire characteristic of the land of his birth, had expressed the views of his party with great ability, and, as it was thought, with irresistible eloquence. The eyes of the country were directed to WEBSTER as the champion of the Constitution and the Union. Crowds of beautiful women and anxious men on that day thronged the other wing of this Capitol. What patriotic heart in the nation has yet forgotten that noble and memorable reply? A deep and enthusiastic sentiment of admiration and respect thrilled through the heart of the people, and even yet the triumph of that son of New England is consecrated in the memory of his countrymen. Subsequently, the Chief Magistrate of the Union, President Jackson, announced opinions of a similar character in his celebrated Proclamation, and men of all parties felt that a new rampart had been erected for the defence of the Constitution.

At a period more recent, within the remembrance

of all, DANIEL WEBSTER again appeared in another critical emergency that imperilled the safety of the republic. It was the 7th of March, 1850. Excited by the territorial question, the spirit of fanaticism broke forth with fearful violence from the North. But it did not shake his undaunted soul. He gazed with majestic serenity at the storm, and sublime in his self-reliance, as Virgil describes Mezentius surrounded by his enemies,

He, like a solid rock by seas enclosed,
To raging winds and roaring waves exposed,
From his proud summit looking down, disdains
Their empty menace, and unmoved remains.

A great portion of the fame of DANIEL WEBSTER rests upon the events of that day, and his patriotism having endured the tempest, his reputation shone with fresh lustre after it had passed. Clay and WEBSTER on that day stood linked hand-in-hand, and averted the perils that menaced their common country. In the last great act of their lives in the Senate, they drew closer the bonds of union between the North and South, like those lofty Cordilleras that, stretching along the Isthmus of Panama, bind in indissoluble bonds Northern and Southern America, and alike beat back from their rocky sides the fury of either ocean. These, Mr. Speaker, and gentlemen of the House, are the memories that make

us in our Western homes revere the names of Clay and WEBSTER.

The gentleman from Massachusetts, (Mr. Davis,) in his eloquent tribute to the genius and fame of DANIEL WEBSTER, has chosen to apply to him the remark by which Cicero characterizes Brutus—*"Quidquid vult, valde vult."* If he will pardon me, I think the description applied by the great orator whom he has quoted to Gracchus is more striking: *"Eloquentia quidem nescio an habuisset parem: grandis est verbis, sapiens sententiis, genere toto gravis."* If, however, a resemblance prevailed in this respect between Caius Gracchus and WEBSTER, it did not in others. Gracchus, as we are told, was the first Roman orator who turned his back to the capitol and his face to the people; the popular orators of Rome, anterior to that time, having always turned their faces to the Senate and their backs to the Forum. WEBSTER never sought to subvert the judgment of the people by inflaming their passions. His sphere was among men of intellect. His power was in convincing the minds of the cultivated and intellectual, rather than by fervid harangues to sway the ignorant or excite the multitude. Clay—bold, brilliant, and dashing, rushing at results with that intuition of common sense that outstrips all the processes of logic—always commanded the heart and directed the action of his party. WEBSTER seemed deficient in some of these great qualities, but sur-

passed him in others. He appeared his natural auxiliary. Clay, the most brilliant parliamentary leader, and probably unequalled, save by the Earl of Chatham, whom he resembled, swept with the velocity of a charge of cavalry on the ranks of his opponents, and often won the victory before others were prepared for the encounter. WEBSTER, with his array of facts, his power of statement, and logical deductions, moved forward like the disciplined and serried infantry, with the measured tread of deliberate resolution and the stately air of irresistible power.

DANIEL WEBSTER is dead. He died without ever having been elevated to the Presidency of the nation. Camillus, the second founder of Rome, never enjoyed the Consulate; but he was not less illustrious because he was not rewarded by the fasces and the consular purple. Before the lustre of WEBSTER'S renown, a merely presidential reputation must grow pale. He has not only left a reputation of unsurpassed lustre in the Senate, but he will also pass down to posterity as the ablest and most profound jurist of his day. As an orator, he had not, as has been correctly observed by a senator from New York, the vehemence of Demosthenes, nor the splendor of Cicero; but still DANIEL WEBSTER was an orator—an orator marked by the characteristics of the Teutonic race—bold, massive, and replete with manly force and vigor. His writings are

marked by a deep philosophy which will cause them to be read when the issues that evoked them have passed away, and the splendor of an imagination, almost as rich as that of Burke, will invest them with attractions alike for the political scholar and the man of letters.

We should not deplore the death of WEBSTER. It is true the star has shot from the sphere it illuminated, and is lost in the gloom of death; but he sank full of years and honors, after he had reached the verge of human life, and before his majestic intellect was dimmed or his body bowed down by old age. He did not sink into his grave, like Marlborough, amid the mists of dotage; but he went while his intellect was unclouded, and the literary remembrances of his youth came thronging to the dying bed of their votary. Napoleon, when he was expiring at St. Helena, muttered disconnected words of command and battle, that showed his turbulent mind still struggled in imaginary conflicts; but gentler spirits brought to the death-bed of the statesman of Marshfield more consoling memories as he murmured,

The curfew tolls the knell of parting day;

and all the tender and mournful beauties of that inimitable elegy clustered around his soul.

But, sir, I will not venture to say more on this theme. I have said thus much in the name of my

native State, to testify her veneration for worth, patriotism, and departed greatness, and to add with proper reverence a handful of earth to the mound a nation raises to the memory of the GREAT SECRETARY, and to say, Peace be to the manes of WEBSTER.

MR. SEYMOUR, of New York, said:—

MR. SPEAKER:—I rise in support of the resolutions offered by the gentleman from Massachusetts, and in that connection propose to submit a few remarks.

Sir, our great men are the common property of the country. In the days of our prosperity, we boast of their genius and enterprise as they advance the general weal. In the hour of a nation's peril, the shadow of their great name is the gathering point, whither we all turn for guidance and defence; and whether their laurels have been gathered on the battle-field, in sustaining our rights against hostile nations—in the halls of legislation, devising and enacting those wise and beneficent laws which, by developing the resources, instructing the mind, and directing the energies of the nation, may be traced on the frame-work of society long after their authors have ceased to exist—or in the temple of justice or the sacred desk, regulating the jarring elements of civil life, and making men happier and better—they are all parts of one grand exhibition, showing,

through all coming time, what the men of the present age and of our nation have done for the elevation and advancement of our race. To chronicle these results of human effort, and to transmit them to future ages, is the province of history. In her temple, the great and the good are embalmed. There they may be seen and read by all those who, in future generations, shall emulate their great deeds. Time, whose constant flow is continually obliterating and changing the physical and social relations of all things, cannot efface the landmarks which they have raised along the pathway of life. The processes by which they attained the grand result, and the associations by which they at the time were surrounded, are unknown or forgotten, while we contemplate the monuments which their genius and heroism have raised.

Who that reads the story of the battle of Marathon, by which the liberties of Athens were rescued from Persian despotism, stops to inquire to what party in that republic Miltiades belonged? Who that listens to the thunders of Demosthenes, as he moves all Greece to resist the common enemy, attempts to trace his political associations? So it will be in the future of this republic. The battle of New Orleans will disclose Jackson, the hero and the patriot, saving his country from her enemies. The debates of the Senate Chamber will exhibit

Clay, Calhoun, and WEBSTER, illustrating and defending the great principles of our government by their lofty patriotism and eloquence. On neither picture will be observed whatever we of the present time may judge to have savored of the mere politician and the partisan. We, from our near proximity, may see, or think we see, the ill-shapen rocks and the unseemly caverns which disfigure the sides of these mighty Alpine peaks. Future ages will only descry their ever-gilded summits.

Who, then, shall lightly say that Fame
Is but an empty name?

When, but for these our mighty dead,
All ages past a blank would be;
Sunk in Oblivion's murky bed—

A desert bare—a shipless sea.

They are the distant objects seen,
The lofty marks of what hath been;
Where memory of the mighty dead,
To earth-worn pilgrims' wistful eye
The brightest rays of cheering shed
That point to immortality.

Sir, I shall not attempt here to even briefly review the public life or delineate the true character of DANIEL WEBSTER. That public life, extending through more than forty years of the growth and progress of our country, will doubtless be sketched by those of his compeers who have shared with him

in his public service. That character, too, will best be drawn by those intimate friends who knew him best, and who enjoyed the most favourable opportunities for observing the operations of his giant mind.

In looking at what he has achieved, not only in the fields of legislation, but in those of literature and jurisprudence, I may say he has left a monument of his industry and genius of which his countrymen may well be proud. His speeches in the Senate and before the assemblies of the people, and his arguments before our highest courts, taken together, form the most valuable contribution to American literature, language, and oratory, which it has been the good fortune of any individual to have yet made. Were I to attempt it, I should be unable to determine on which of the varied scenes of his labors his genius and talents stood pre-eminent.

His argument in the Dartmouth College case has ever been regarded as a model of forensic debate, exhibiting the rare combination of the dry logic of the law with the tender, the beautiful, and the sublime. His address before the Historical Society of New York not only exhibited a thorough acquaintance with ancient and modern literature, but was itself a gem whose brilliancy will never cease to attract even by the side of the great lights of the

literary world. *The speech* in the Senate in reply to Hayne, by its powerful argumentation, its sublimity, and patriotic fervor, placed him at once, by the common consent of mankind, in the front rank of orators.

But I cannot on this occasion review a life replete with incidents at once evincing the workings of a great mind, and marking important events in the history of the country. I can here only speak of his labors collectively. They were the result of great effort—grand in their conception, effective in their execution, and permanent in their influences.

As a son of his native New England, I am proud to refer back to the plain and unostentatious manners, the rigid discipline, and the early and thorough mental training, to be found among the yeomanry of that part of our country, as contributing primarily to the eminent success of Mr. WEBSTER in the business of his life. Born, reared, and educated among the granite hills of New Hampshire, although his attachments to the place of his birth were strong to the last, yet, upon the broad theatre upon which he was called to act his part as a public man, his sympathies and his patriotism were bounded only by the confines of the whole republic.

Although, in common with many of us, I differed

in opinion from the late Secretary of State upon grave political questions, yet, with the great mass of our fellow-citizens, I acknowledge his patriotism, and the force and ability with which he sustained his own opinions. However we may view those opinions, one thing will be conceded by all: his feelings were thoroughly American, and his aim the good of his country. In his whole public life, and by his greatest efforts as an orator, he has left deeply impressed on the American mind one great truth, never to be forgotten—the *preservation of American liberty depends upon the support of the Constitution and the Union of the States*. To have thus linked his name indissolubly with the perpetuity of our institutions is enough of glory for any citizen of the republic.

MR. CHANDLER said:—

MR. SPEAKER:—The selection of the present time to make special and official reference to the death of Mr. WEBSTER may be regarded as fortunate and judicious. An earlier moment would have exposed our eulogies to those exaggerations which, while they do justice in some measure to the feelings whence they spring, are no proofs of sound judgment in the utterer, nor sources of honor to their lamented object. The great departed owe little to the record of their worth, which is made in the

midst of sudden emotions, when the freshness of personal intercourse mingles with recollections of public virtues, and the object, observed through the tears of recent sorrow, bears with it the prismatic hues which distort its fair proportions, and hide that simplicity which is the characteristic of true greatness. And equally just is it to the dead whom we would honor, and to our feelings which would promote that honor, that we have not postponed the season to a period when time would so have mitigated our just regret as to direct our eulogies only to those lofty points of Mr. WEBSTER'S character which strike but from afar; which owe their distinction less to their affinities with public sympathy than to their elevation above ordinary ascent, and ordinary computation.

That distance, too, in a government like ours, is dangerous to a just homage to the distinguished dead, however willing may be the survivor; for smaller objects intervene, and by proximity hide the proportions which we survey from afar, and diminish that just appreciation which is necessary to the honorable praise that is to perpetuate public fame.

Mr. WEBSTER was a distinguished statesman, tried, sir, in nearly all the various positions which in our government the civilian is called on to fill, and in all these places the powers of a gifted mind,

strengthened and improved by a practical education, were the great means by which he achieved success, and patriotism the motive of their devotion. With all Mr. WEBSTER'S professional greatness, with all his unrivalled powers in the Senate, with his great distinction as a diplomatist, he was fond of credit as a scholar; and his attainments, if not of the kind which gives eminence to merely literary men, were such as gave richness and terseness to his own composition, and vigor and attraction to his conversation. His mind was moulded to the strong conception of the epic poet, rather than the gentle phrase of the didactic; and his preference for natural scenery seemed to partake of his literary taste—it was for the strong, the elevated, the grand. His childhood and youth joyed in the rough sides of the mountains of New Hampshire, and his age found a delightful repose on the wild shores of Massachusetts bay. He was a lover of Nature, not in her holiday suit of field and flower, but in those wild exhibitions of broken coast and isolated hills, that seem to stir the mind into activity, and provoke it into emulation of the grandeur with which it is surrounded. Yet, sir, Mr. WEBSTER had with him much of the gentleness which gives beauty to social life, and dignity and attraction to the domestic scene, just as the rugged coast is often as placid as the gentlest lake, and the summit of

the roughest hill is frequently bathed in the softest sunlight, and clad in flowers of the most delicate hues. Mr. WEBSTER's person was strongly indicative of the character of his mind; not formed for the lighter graces, but graceful in the noblest uses of manhood; remarkable in the stateliness of its movements, and dignified in the magnificence of its repose. Mr. WEBSTER could scarcely pass unnoticed, even where unknown. There was that in his mien which attracted attention, and awakened interest; and his head (whether his countenance was lighted by a smile, such as only he could give, or fixed by contemplation, such as only he could indulge) seemed an

arch'd and ponderous roof,
By its own weight made steadfast and immovable,
Looking tranquillity!

With all Mr. WEBSTER's lofty gifts and attainments, he was *ambitious*. Toiling upward from the base of the political ladder, it is not to be denied that he desired to set his foot upon the upmost round. This could not have been a thirst for power: nothing of a desire for the exercise of absolute authority could have been in that aspiration; for the only absolute power left (if any be left) by the Constitution in the Executive of this nation is "MERCY." In Mr. WEBSTER it was the distinction

which the place conferred, and the sphere of usefulness it presented. He regarded it as the crowning glory of his public life—a glory earned by his devotion of unparalleled talents and unsurpassed statesmanship. This ambition in Mr. WEBSTER was modesty. He could not see, as others saw and felt, that no political elevation was necessary to the completion of his fame or the distinction of his statesmanship. It was not for him to understand that the last round of political preferment, honorable as it is, and made more honorable by the lustre which purity of motive, great talents, and devoted patriotism are now shedding down upon it—he could not understand that preferment, honorable as it is, was unnecessary to him; that it could add nothing to his political stature, nor enlarge the horizon of his comprehensive views. It is the characteristic of men of true greatness, of exalted talents, to comprehend the nature and power of the gifts they possess. That, sir, is an homage to God, who bestows them. But it is also their misfortune to be dissatisfied with the means and opportunities they have possessed to exercise those gifts to great national purposes. This is merely distrust of themselves. The world, sir, comprehends the uses of the talents of great statesmen, and gives them credit for their masterly powers, without asking that those powers should be tried

in every position in which public men may be placed.

I see not in all the character, gifts, and attainments of Mr. WEBSTER, any illustration of the British orator's exclamation, relative to "the shadows which we are;" nor do I discover in the splendid career and the aims of his lofty ambition any thing to prove "what shadows we pursue."

The life of such a man as DANIEL WEBSTER is one of solid greatness; and the objects he pursued are worthy of a being made in the image of God. A life of honorable distinction is a substantive and permanent object. The good of man, and the true glory and happiness of his country, are the substantial things, the record of which generation hands down to generation, inscribed with the name of him that pursued them.

I will not, sir, trespass on this House by any attempt to sketch the character, or narrate the services of Mr. WEBSTER; too many will have a share in this day's exercises to allow one speaker so extensive a range. It is enough for me, if, in obeying the indications of others, I give to my effort the tone of respect with which the statesman and the patriot, WEBSTER, was regarded, as well by the nation at large as by those whom I have the honor to represent on this floor. And in the remarks of those whose means of judging have been better

than mine, will be found his characteristics of social and domestic life.

How keenly Mr. WEBSTER relished the relaxations which public duties sometimes allowed, I had an opportunity of judging; for he loved to call to my recollections scenery which had been familiar to me in childhood, as it was lovely to him in age. The amusements, in which he gratified a manly taste in the midst of that scenery, were promotive of physical recuperation, rendered necessary by the heavy demands of professional or official life. He was stimulated to thought by the activity which the pursuits on land required, or led to deep contemplation by the calmness of the ocean on which he rested. Though dying in office, Mr. WEBSTER was permitted to breathe his last in those scenes made classical to others by his uses, and dear to him by their ministrations to, and correspondence with, his taste.

The good of his country undoubtedly occupied the last moments of his ebbing life; but those moments were not disturbed by the immediate pressure of official duties; and in the dignity of domestic quiet, he passed onward; and while at a distance communities awaited in grief and awe the signal of his departure, the deep diapason of the Atlantic wave, as it broke upon his own shore, was a fitting requiem for such a parting spirit.

MR. BAYLY, of Virginia, remarked:—

I had been, sir, nearly two years a member of Congress before I made Mr. WEBSTER'S acquaintance. About that time a proceeding was instituted here, of a delicate character so far as he was concerned, and incidentally concerning an eminent constituent and friend of mine. This circumstance first brought me into intercourse with Mr. WEBSTER. Subsequently, I transacted a good deal of official business with him, some of it also of a delicate character. I thus had unusual opportunities of forming an opinion of the man. The acquaintance I made with him, under the circumstances to which I have referred, ripened into friendship. It is to these circumstances that I, a political opponent, am indebted for the honor, as I esteem it, of having been requested to say something on this occasion.

From my early manhood, of course, sir, I have been well acquainted with Mr. WEBSTER'S public character, and I had formed my ideal of him as a man; and what a misconception of it was that ideal! Rarely seeing him in public places, in familiar intercourse with his friends, contemplating his grave statue-like appearance in the Senate and the Forum, I had formed the conception that he was a frigid iron-bound man, whom few could approach without constraint; and I undertake to say that—until of late years, in which, through personal sketches of him by his friends, the public has be-

come acquainted with his private character—such was the idea most persons who knew him only as I did formed of him. Yet, sir, what a misconception! No man could appreciate Mr. WEBSTER who did not know him privately. No man could appreciate him who did not see him in familiar intercourse with his friends, and especially around his own fireside and table. There, sir, he was confiding, gay, and sometimes downright boyish. Full of racy anecdote, he told them in the most captivating manner.

Who that ever heard his description of men and things can ever forget them? Mr. WEBSTER, sir, attached a peculiar meaning to the word *talk*, and in his sense of the term he liked to talk; and who that ever heard him talk can forget that talk? Sometimes it was the most playful wit, then the most pleasing philosophy. Mr. WEBSTER, sir, owed his greatness, to a large extent, to his native gifts.

Among his contemporaries there were lawyers more learned, yet he was, by common consent, assigned the first place at the American bar. As a statesman, there were those more thoroughly informed than he, yet what statesman ranked him? Among orators there were those more graceful and impressive, yet what orator was greater than he? There were scholars more ripe, yet who wrote better English? The characteristics of his mind were massive strength and classic beauty combined, with a rare felicity. His favorite studies, if I may judge

from his conversations, were the history and the Constitution of his own country, and the history and the Constitution of England; and I undertake to say that there is not now a man living who was more perfectly familiar with both. His favorite amusements, too, if I may judge in the same way, were field-sports and out-door exercise. I have frequently heard Mr. WEBSTER say, if he had been a merchant, he would have been an out-door partner. Mr. WEBSTER was, as all great men are, eminently magnanimous. As proof of this, see his whole life, and especially that crowning act of magnanimity—his letter to Mr. Dickinson. Mr. WEBSTER had no envy or jealousy about him—as no great man ever had. Conscious of his own powers, he envied those of no one else. Mr. Calhoun and himself entered public life about the same time; each of them strove for the first honors of the republic. They were statesmen of rival schools. They frequently met in the stern encounter of debate, and when they met the conflict was a conflict of giants. Yet how delightful it was to hear Mr. WEBSTER speak, as I have heard him speak, in the most exalted terms of Calhoun; and how equally delightful it was to hear Mr. Calhoun, as I have heard him, speak in like terms of WEBSTER. On one occasion, Mr. Calhoun, speaking to me of the characteristics of WEBSTER as a debater, said that he was remarkable in this—that he always stated the argument of his antagonist

fairly, and boldly met it. He said he had even seen him state the argument of his opponent more forcibly than his opponent had stated it himself; and, if he could not answer it, he would never undertake to weaken it by misrepresenting it. What a compliment was this, coming, as it did, from his great rival in constitutional law! I have also heard Mr. Calhoun say that Mr. WEBSTER tried to aim at truth more than any statesman of his day.

A short time since, Mr. Speaker, when addressing the House, at the invitation of the delegation from Kentucky, on the occasion of Mr. Clay's death, I used this language:

"Sir, it is but a short time since the American Congress buried the first one that went to the grave of that great triumvirate, (Calhoun.) We are now called upon to bury another, (Clay.) The third, thank God! still lives; and long may he live to enlighten his countrymen by his wisdom, and set them the example of exalted patriotism. [Alas! how little did I think, when I uttered these words, that my wish was so soon to be disappointed.] Sir, in the lives and characters of these great men there is much resembling those of the great triumvirate of the British Parliament. It differs principally in this: Burke preceded Fox and Pitt to the tomb. WEBSTER survives Clay and Calhoun. When Fox and Pitt died, they left no peer behind them. WEBSTER still lives, now that Calhoun and Clay are dead,

the unrivalled statesman of his country. Like Fox and Pitt, Clay and Calhoun lived in troubled times. Like Fox and Pitt, they were each of them the leader of rival parties. Like Fox and Pitt, they were idolized by their respective friends. Like Fox and Pitt, they died about the same time, and in the public service; and, as has been said of Fox and Pitt, Clay and Calhoun died with 'their harness upon them.' Like Fox and Pitt—

With more than mortal powers endow'd,
How high they soar'd above the crowd;
Theirs was no common party race,
Jostling by dark intrigue for place—
Like fabled gods their mighty war
Shook realms and nations in its jar.
Beneath each banner, proud to stand,
Look'd up the noblest of the land.

* * * * *

Here let their discord with them die.
Speak not for those a separate doom
Whom fate made brothers in the tomb;
But search the land of living men,
Where wilt thou find their like again?"

I may reproduce, on this occasion, with propriety, what I then said, with the addition of the names of Burke and WEBSTER. The parallel that I undertook to run on that occasion, by the aid of a poet, was not designed to be perfect, yet it might be strengthened by lines from another poet. For though WEBSTER's enemies must admit, as Burke's satirist did, that—

Too fond of the right, to pursue the expedient,

yet, what satirist, with the last years of WEBSTER'S life before him, will undertake to shock the public sentiment of America by saying, as was unjustly said of Burke by his satirist—

Born for the universe, he narrow'd his mind,
And to party gave up what was meant for mankind.

Mr. Speaker, during the brief period I have served with you in this House, what sad havoc has Death made among the statesmen of our republic! Jackson, Wright, Polk, McDuffie, and Sergeant, in private life, and Woodbury, from the bench, have gone to the tomb! We have buried in that short time Adams, Calhoun, Taylor, and Clay, and we are now called on to pay the last tribute of our respect to the memory of DANIEL WEBSTER. Well may I ask, in the language of the poem already quoted—

Where wilt thou find their like again?

There was little, I fear, in the history of the latter days of some of those great men to whom I have alluded to inspire the young men of our country to emulate them in the labors and sacrifices of public life. Yet there never was a time when there was a stronger obligation of patriotic duty on us to emulate them in that respect than now.

They followed one race of revolutionary statesmen—they were the second generation of statesmen

of our country. With one or two brilliant exceptions, that second generation has passed away, and those that now have charge of public affairs, with the exceptions referred to, are emphatically new men. God grant we have the patriotism to follow faithfully in the footsteps of those who preceded us!

MR. STANLEY said:—

MR. SPEAKER:—I feel that it is proper and becoming in me, as the representative of a people who claim the reputation of DANIEL WEBSTER as part of their most valuable property, to add a few words to what has been already said. I do not think that it is necessary to his fame to do so. I have no idea of attempting a eulogy on DANIEL WEBSTER. It would be presumptuous to attempt it. Long before my entrance into public life, I heard from an illustrious citizen of my native State, (the late Judge Gaston,) that Mr. WEBSTER, who was his contemporary in Congress, gave early indication of the wonderful abilities which he afterward displayed. There were giants in the land in those days, and by them WEBSTER was regarded as one who would earn great distinction. Before he reached the height of his fame the young men in our land had been taught to respect him. This was the feeling of those who came forward on the stage of life with me. In what language, then, can I express my admiration of those splendid abilities which have de-

lighted and instructed his countrymen, and charmed the lovers of republican government throughout the earth? How shall I find fitting terms to speak of his powers in conversation—his many good qualities in social life—his extraordinary attainments—his exalted patriotism? Sir, I shrink from the task.

Gifted men from the pulpit, eloquent senators at home and in the Senate, orators in Northern and Southern and Western States, have gratified the public mind by doing honor to his memory. To follow in a path trodden by so many superior men requires more boldness than I possess. But I cannot forbear to say that we North Carolinians sympathize with Massachusetts in her loss. We claim him as our WEBSTER, as we do the memories of her great men of the Revolution. Though he has added glory to the bright name of Massachusetts, he has been the defender of that Constitution which has surrounded, with impregnable bulwarks, the invaluable blessings of civil liberty. When he made Massachusetts hearts throb with pride that she had such a man to represent her in the councils of the nation, we, too, felt proud at her joy, for her glory is our glory.

Faneuil Hall is in Boston, and Boston in Massachusetts; but the fame of those whose eloquence from those walls fanned the fire of liberty in the hearts of American patriots, and made tyrants tremble on their thrones, is the fame of the American people.

Fanueil Hall! DANIEL WEBSTER! What glorious associations do these words recall!

The American patriot who hereafter performs his pilgrimage to that time-honored Hall, and looks at his portrait, appropriately placed there, will involuntarily repeat what the poet said of the Webster of poets:

Here Nature listening stood, while Shakspeare play'd,
And wonder'd at the work herself had made.

DANIEL WEBSTER was to the revolutionary patriots of Massachusetts, to the founders of our Constitution in the Old Thirteen States, what Homer was to the ancient heroes. Their deeds would have lived without him. Their memories would have been cherished by their countrymen had WEBSTER never spoken. But who can say that his mighty ability, his power of language, unequalled throughout the world—who can say he has not embalmed their memories, painted their deeds in beautiful drapery, and by the might of his genius held them up in captivating form to his countrymen? Who is there on the habitable globe, wherever man is struggling for freedom, wherever Washington's name is heard and revered—who is there who will ever read the history of those immortal men who achieved our liberties, and founded with almost supernatural wisdom our Constitution and republican form of govern-

ment—who can ever read the history of these great men without saying, they achieved much, they performed great and noble deeds, but WEBSTER'S oratory has emblazoned them to the world, and erected monuments to their memories more enduring than marble? Can man aspire to higher honor than to have his name associated with such men? This honor, by universal consent, DANIEL WEBSTER, the son of a New Hampshire farmer, has secured. Wherever liberty is prized on earth, in whatever quarter of the globe the light of our "great republic" is seen, sending its cheering beams to the heart of the lonely exile of oppression—in that land, and to that heart, will the name of WEBSTER be held in grateful remembrance. As we cannot think of the founders of our republic without thinking of WEBSTER, we cannot speak of his services properly except in his own words. How many of us, in and out of Congress, since his death, have recalled his memorable words, in his eulogium on Adams and Jefferson. Hear him in that discourse :

"Adams and Jefferson, I have said, are no more. As human beings, indeed, they are no more. They are no more, as in 1776, bold and fearless advocates of independence; no more, as on subsequent periods, the head of the government; no more, as we have recently seen them, aged and venerable objects of admiration and regard. They are no more. They are dead. But how little is there of the great and

good which can die! To their country they yet live, and live for ever. They live in all that perpetuates the remembrance of men on earth; in the recorded proofs of their great actions; in the offspring of their intellect; in the deep and grave lines of public gratitude, and in the respect and homage of mankind. They live in their example; and they live, emphatically, and will live, in the influence which their lives and efforts, their principles and opinions, now exercise, and will continue to exercise, on the affairs of men, not only in their country, but throughout the civilized world. A superior and commanding human intellect, a truly great man, when Heaven vouchsafes so rare a gift, is not a temporary flame, burning bright for a while, and then expiring, giving place to returning darkness. It is rather a spark of fervent heat as well as radiant light, with power to enkindle the common mass of human mind; so that when it glimmers in its own decay, and finally goes out in death, no night follows, but it leaves the world all light, all on fire, from the potent contact of its own spirit. Bacon died, but the human understanding, roused by the touch of his miraculous wand to a perception of the true philosophy, and the just mode of inquiring after truth, has kept on its course, successfully and gloriously. Newton died, yet the courses of the spheres are still known, and they yet move on in the orbits which he saw, and described for them in the infinity of space."

Who can hear these words without feeling how appropriate and applicable to the great American statesman? To his country he "still lives," and will live for ever.

Mr. Speaker, I fear to go on. The thoughts which are in my mind are not worthy of the great subject. I have read and heard so much from the able, learned, and eloquent of our land in his praise, I shrink from attempting to add any thing more.

In justice to the feelings of those I represent, I felt solicitous to cast my pebble on the pile which was erecting to his memory. They venerate his memory, not only for those services to which I have referred, but also for his later exhibitions of patriotism, in stemming the torrent of temporary excitement at home. The year 1852, Mr. Speaker, will long be memorable in the annals of our country. In this year, three great lights of our age and our country have gone out. But a few months since, the voice of lamentation was heard from the Atlantic to the Pacific shore that Henry Clay was no more. The sounds of sorrow had scarcely died in our ears, when inexorable Death, striking with remorseless hand at the cottage of the peasant and the palace of the great—Death, as if to send terror to our souls by showing us that the greatest in place and in genius are but men—has destroyed all that was mortal of DANIEL WEBSTER.

And even while we were celebrating his obsequies, the sagacious statesman, the wise counsellor, the pure and upright man, John Sergeant, of Pennsylvania—the man who more happily combined the *suaviter in modo* with the *fortiter in re* than any public man I ever met with—the model of that best of all characters, a Christian gentleman, always loving “whatsoever things are true, honest, just, lovely, and of good report,”—John Sergeant is called to that beatific vision reserved for “the pure in heart.”

Let it be our pleasure, as it will be our duty, to teach those who come after us to imitate the private virtues, remember the public services, and cherish the reputation of these illustrious men. And while we do this, let us cherish, with grateful remembrance and honest pride, the thought that these great men were not only lovers of liberty, friends of republican institutions, and patriots devoted to the service of their country, but that they were, with sincere conviction, believers in the Christian religion. Without this praise, the Corinthian column of their characters would be deprived at once of the chief ornament of its capital and the solidity of its base.

I fervently hope the lessons we have had of the certainty of death will not be lost upon us. May they make us less fond of the pleasures of this world, so rapidly passing away! May they cause those who are in high places of trust and honor to

remember, now in the days of health, manhood, and prosperity, that

The boast of heraldry, the pomp of power,
 And all that beauty, all that wealth e'er gave,
 Await alike th' inevitable hour—
 The paths of glory lead but to the grave!

MR. TAYLOR, of Ohio, said:—

MR. SPEAKER:—In the Congress of 1799, when the announcement of the death of General Washington was made in this body, appropriate resolutions were passed to express the high appreciation of the representatives of the people of the pre-eminent public services of the Father of his Country, and profound grief for their loss. His death was considered a great national calamity; and in the beautiful and appropriate language of General Henry Lee, who prepared the resolutions introduced by John Marshall, he was proclaimed as having been "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of his countrymen." The whole nation cordially responded to that sentiment; and from that day to this, the high eulogium has been adopted by the people of the United States of America, as the just and expressive tribute to the greatest man, take him all in all, that our country had then or has since produced. Time rolled on; and the sentiment of

his own country has, of late years, become the intelligent opinion of the whole world. And in proof of this I might cite, among others, the deliberately recorded opinions of the late Premier Guizot, of France, and the great, though eccentric writer and statesman, Brougham, of England, men of vast celebrity.

Our country, then in its infancy, has grown up in little more than half a century, to be the first republic in the world, having increased from three or four millions to nearly twenty-five millions of inhabitants, and extending from the Atlantic to the Pacific Ocean. During the present year, the nation has been called upon to mourn the death of two of her distinguished citizens; two men born since the establishment of our independence, cradled in the Revolution, and brought up, as it were, at the feet of the fathers of the republic, whose long public career has attracted to them and all that concerned them, more than to any others, the admiration, the gratitude, and the hope of the whole people. These men—Henry Clay and DANIEL WEBSTER—have both been gathered to their fathers during the present year. When, during our last session, the official announcement was made in this House of the death of Henry Clay, I listened with heartfelt sympathy to the eloquent and beautiful eulogies then pronounced upon his character, and felt in the ful-

ness of my heart the truest grief. As one of the representatives of the great and prosperous State of Ohio on this floor, I desired them to mingle my humble voice with those who eagerly sought to honor his memory. But no opportunity was afforded me, and I could only join with meekness of spirit and a bowed mind in the appropriate funeral honors which were rendered to the illustrious dead by Congress. And I only now desire to say, that no State in this Union, not even his own beloved Kentucky, more deeply felt the great loss which, in the death of Mr. Clay, the nation had sustained, than the State of Ohio; and the public meetings of her citizens, without distinction of party, in the city in which I reside, and many other parts of the State, expressed, in appropriate and feeling terms, their high estimate of his great public services, and their profound grief for his death.

And now, sir, since the adjournment of Congress, at its last session, he who co-operated with Mr. Clay in the legislative and executive departments, at various times, for nearly forty years, and to whom, with his great compatriot, more than to any others, the people looked for counsel, and for security and peace—he, too, has paid the debt of nature, and will never more be seen among men. The formal announcement in this body of the death of DANIEL WEBSTER has elicited just and eloquent

tributes to his memory, and brings freshly to our view the beautiful traits of his private character, and his great and long-continued public services in the Senate and in one of the executive departments of the government. In all that is said in commendation of the private virtues and pre-eminent public services of DANIEL WEBSTER, I heartily concur; and I wish, sir, that I could find words sufficiently strong and appropriate to express what, in my judgment, were the great claims of these two eminent men upon the admiration and upon the gratitude of their countrymen. They were in many respects exemplars for the young men of our country. Born (without any of the advantages conferred sometimes by wealth and position) in humble life; struggling with adversities in their earlier years; triumphing over all obstacles by their native strength of intellect, by their genius, and by their persevering industry and great energy, they placed themselves in the very first rank of American statesmen, and for more than forty years were the great leaders of the American mind, and among the brightest guardians of their common country.

Sir, it was my good fortune to have known, for many years, both these great patriots, and to have enjoyed their friendship; and I think I but express the general sentiment of the intelligent people of this great country when I say that our country is,

in a very large degree, indebted to them for its present unexampled prosperity; for its peace and domestic happiness; and for its acknowledged power and high renown all over the world. In my judgment, the words of the national legislature, so beautifully and aptly embodying the true character of the Father of his Country, were not more appropriately uttered then in reference to him than they might be applied now, so far as relates to the *civil* affairs and action of our government within the last forty years, to Henry Clay and DANIEL WEBSTER; and it may be properly said of them, that within that time they have been, emphatically, "First in war, first in peace, and first in the hearts of their countrymen." But, sir, the great men of a country must die; and, if the great men of a country are pre-eminently good men, their loss is the more severely felt. Nothing human is perfect; and I am far from believing, much less from asserting, that the eminent men of whom I have spoken were without defects of character. But I believe their virtues so far outweighed the imperfections of their nature, that to dwell upon such defects, on this occasion, would be as unprofitable and futile as to object to the light, and heat, and blessings of the glorious sun, guided by the Omnipotent hand, because an occasional shadow or spot may be seen on his disk. These guardians of our country have passed away; but their works and good examples are left for our

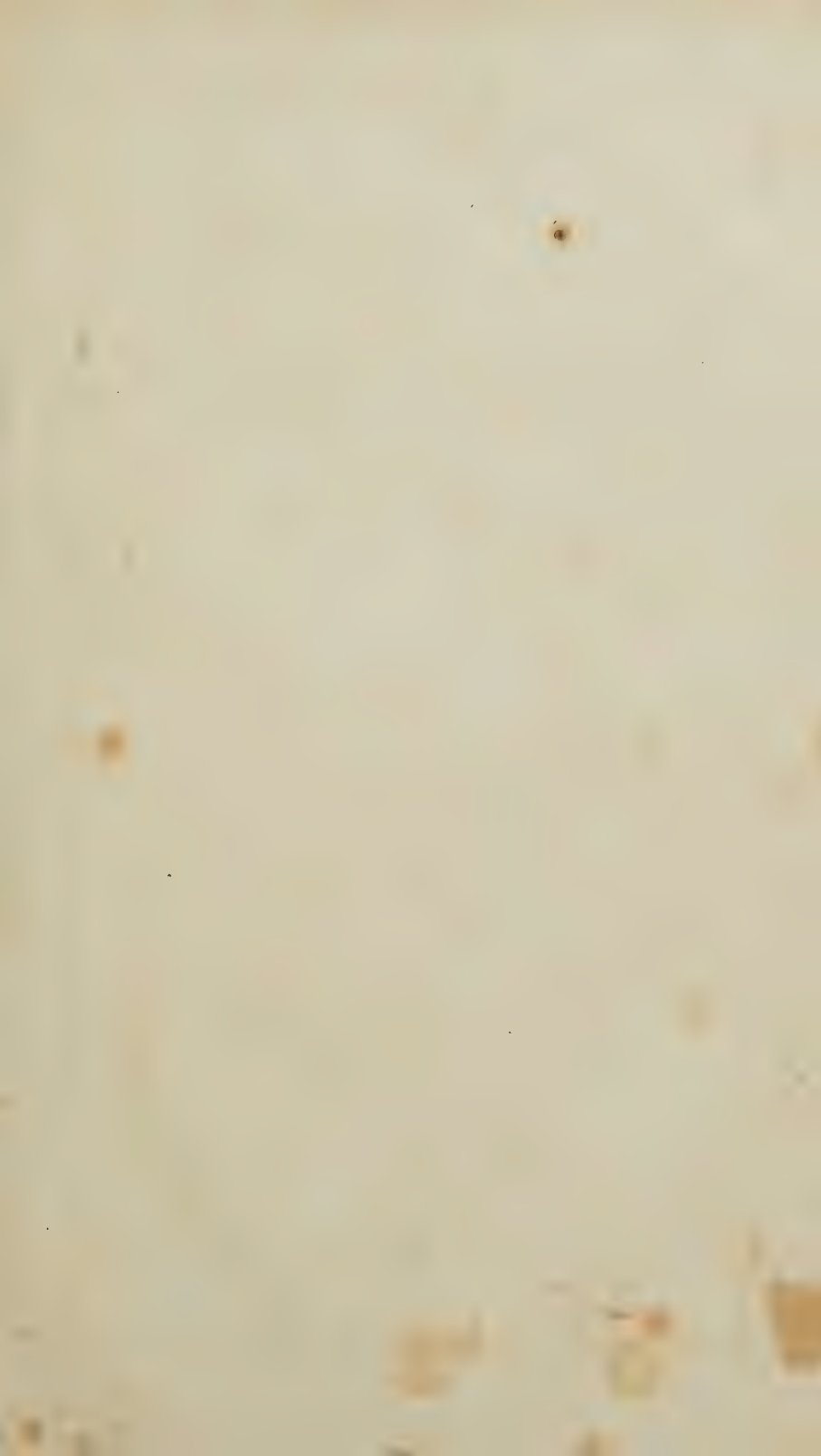
guidance, and are part of the lasting and valued possessions of this nation. And, Mr. Speaker,

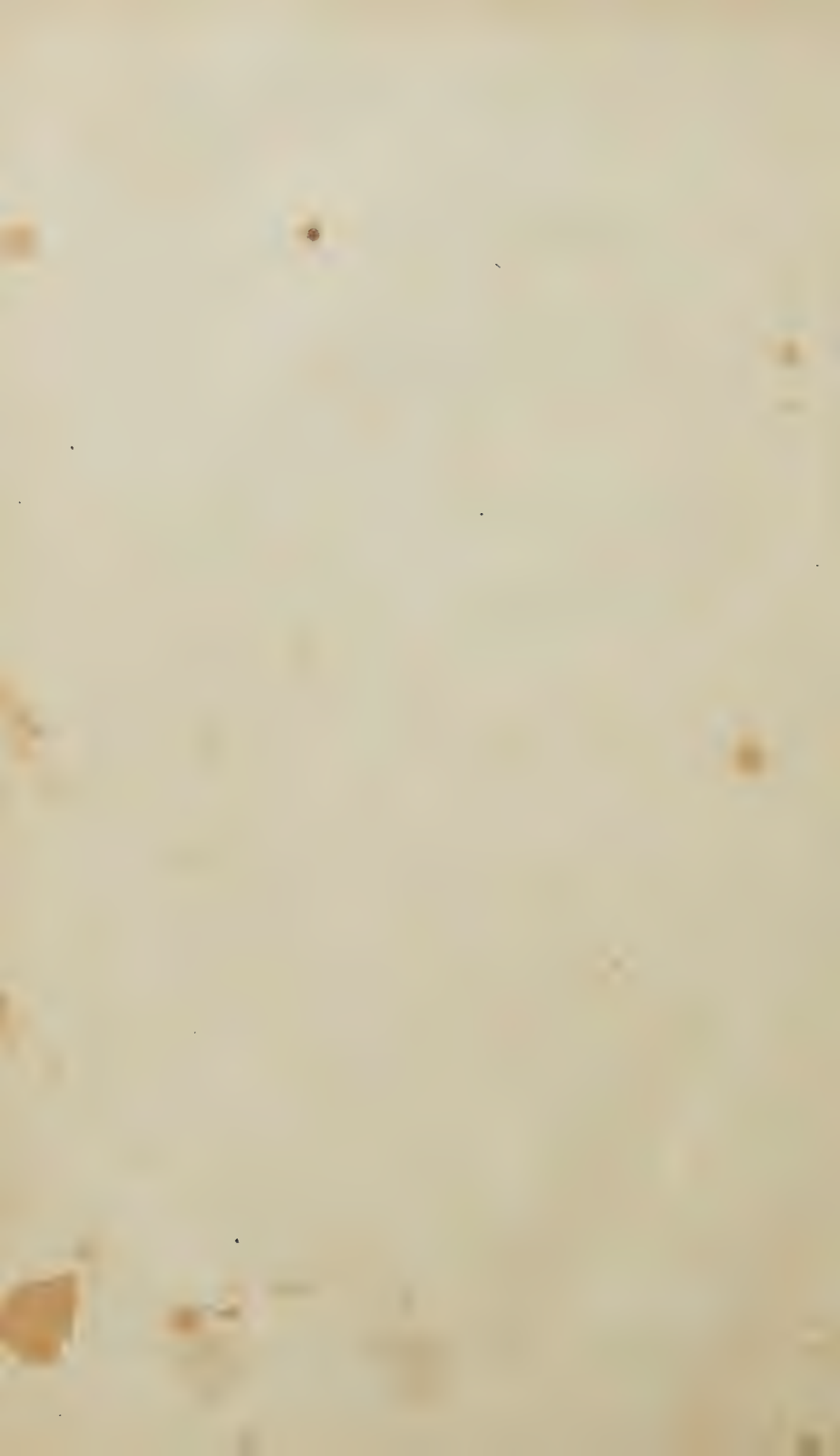
When the bright guardians of a country die,
The grateful tear in tenderness will start;
And the keen anguish of a reddening eye
Disclose the deep affliction of the heart.

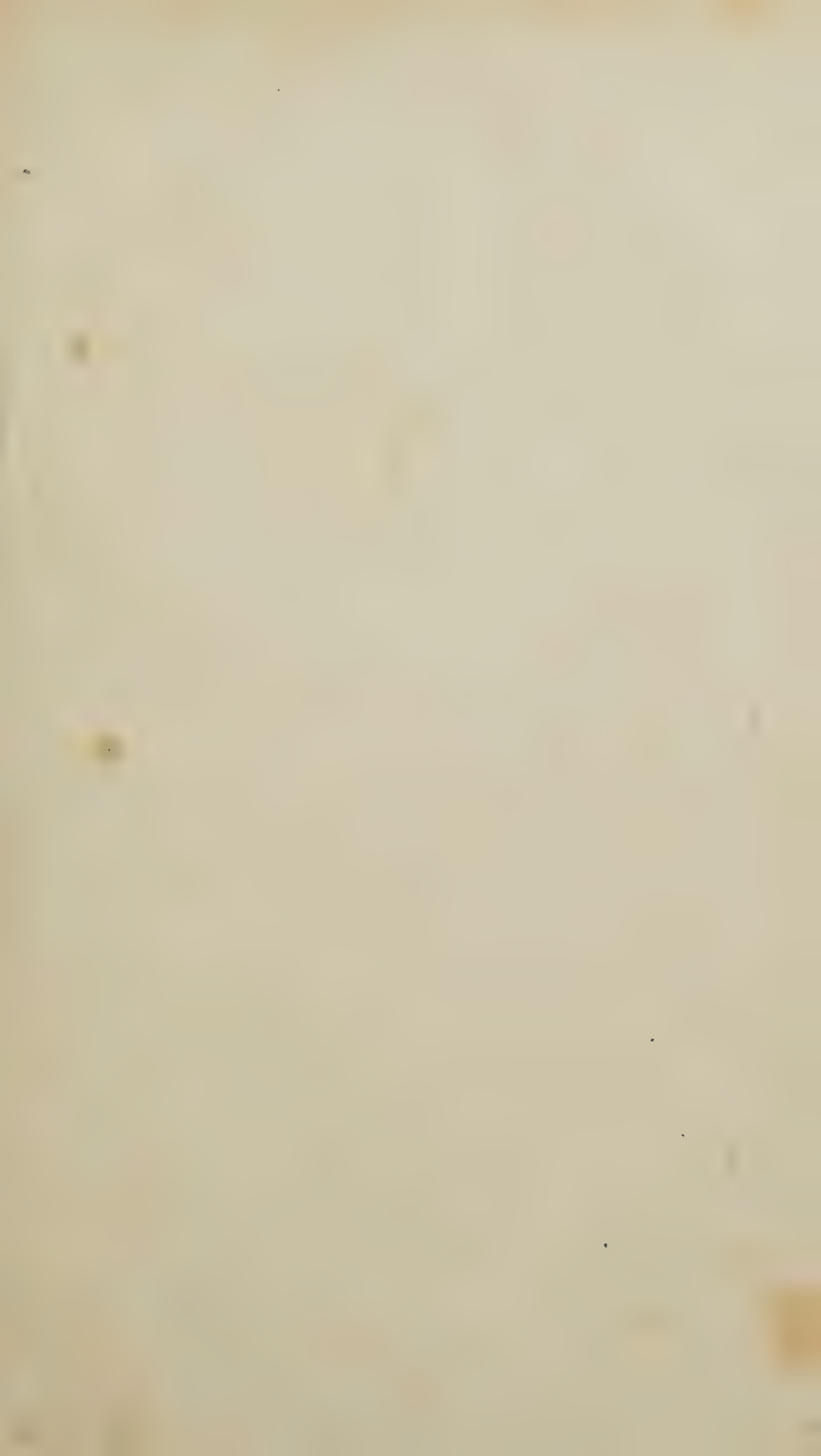
The question was put, and the resolutions were unanimously adopted; and

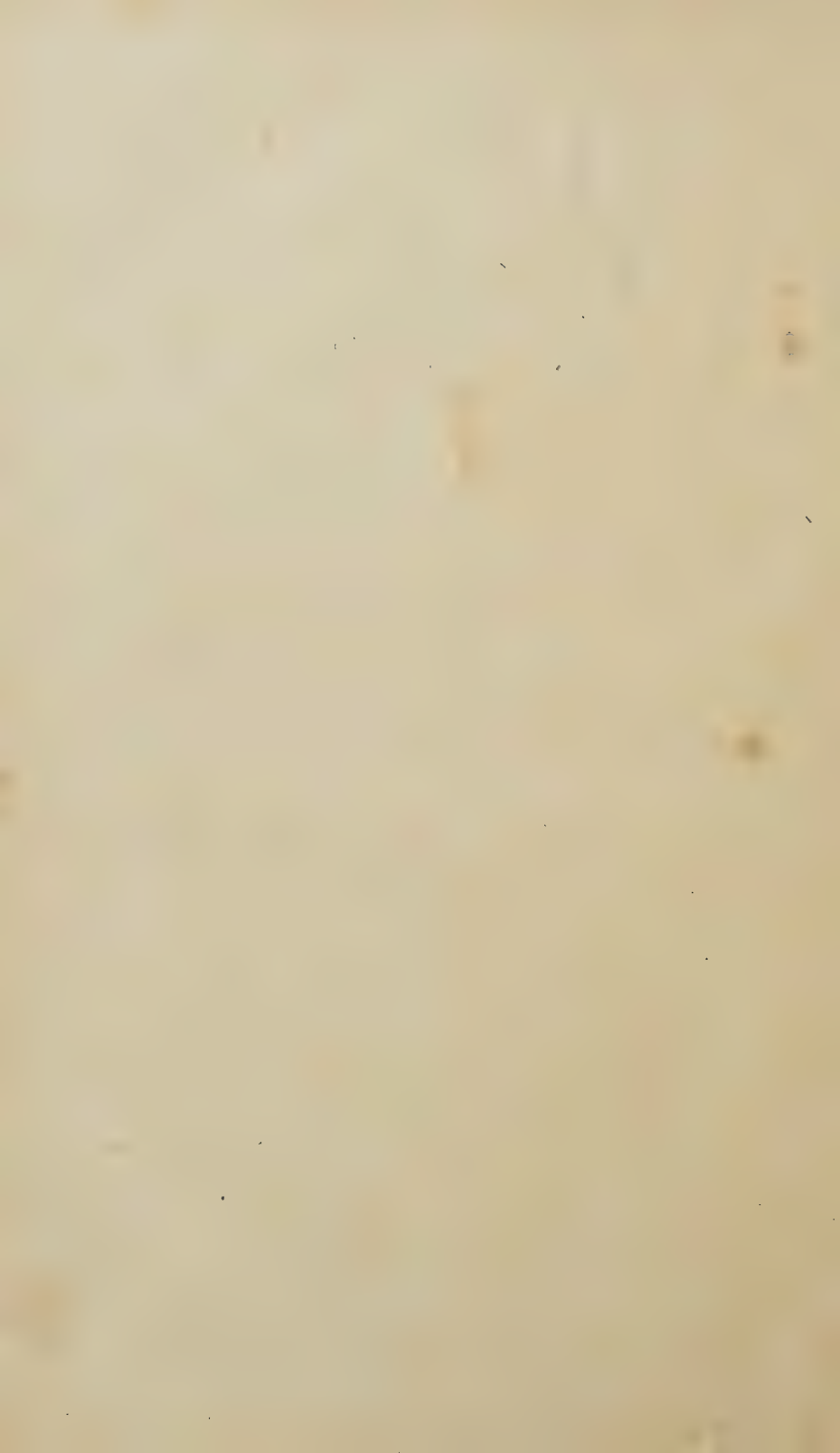
The House adjourned till to-morrow at twelve o'clock M.

THE END.











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